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JUST FOR FUN.

BY JOSEPHINE BOLLARD.

Up in the morning and out of bed,
He takes a leap on his frowny head,
And, seeing him set like a crazy clown,
We know that the day will be up and down.

He gives the kitten a shower-bath,
And works her up to a state of wrath;
He ties a kettle to Rover's tail,
And drops his cap in the milking-pail.

He drives the hen from her nice warm nest;
The turkey and geese have no chance to rest;
And oh! how they waddle; and how they run!
As if they knew it was just for fun!

He teases his sister and pulls her ears,
And pulls her hair till he brings the tears,
And is always so rough with her dolls and toys,
That she says she had rather not play with the boys.

Sometimes he carries his fun so far,
That he's quite as rude as the street boys are,
And, called to account for his ways so rough,
Thinks "I didn't mean to!" excuse enough.

He's such a clown he don't know
How deep in mischief a boy may go;
And yet so sorry when harm is done
We can't help thinking "Was just for fun!"

MY CHOICE.

"You went away very abruptly the other day, Mrs. Marbury," said Mrs. Chappell to me, when I called as I was passing about a fortnight afterward (I had in the meantime been nursing a sick child).

"Well," I answered, "you were busy, and I had stopped short in my narrative just at that point of my life where fiction ordinarily ends; and such a flood of recollection came over me as I stood leaning alone against your counter, that I did not feel inclined to disenchant even myself."

"You see, Mrs. Chappell," I went on, "when an elderly woman's memory goes into the dreamland of her courtship and honeymoon she does not like the jolting journey back to common life. So when on left me thinking of Oliver Marbury she appeared in his short-waisted, tight-fitting, claret-colored coat, his white satin stock and waistcoat, pale, stone-colored trousers, and patent leather boots, and myself in my pretty white satin dress and blonde fall, my white book-matin dress and satin shoes, my small white Paisley-bordered Norwich shawl and sandal slippers, I was so full of that happy marriage mood in our old church at 8—, and the dinner afterward, when my father astonished Amos and Leah by giving me the thousand pounds, that I did not care to shut out the picture, and took myself off instead."

"Then did your marriage turn out so badly?" questioned Mrs. Chappell, with one eye on the shop-door the while.

"Badly! It was an unfortunate day when David Beech allowed himself to be talked over, and let his pet daughter become Mary Marbury. Better ten thousand times have remained Mary Beech to the end of my days!"

"Yet as I went with Oliver inside the hired chaise to the new home I had not yet seen, and his arm held me close to him all the way, and he stooped now and then to whisper, 'My wife,' and tell me how much he loved me, and how happy we should be, I thought that one word 'wife' comprehended all that was ecstatic and sublime, and the vista of the future held not a cloud."

"Two things struck me about our house (which had been father's)—the unused, dusty look of the library, a small room like an offshoot at the back, but crammed with books, and, secondly the hunting-whips, gig whips, spurs, racing calendars framed and glazed, the guns, shot-belts, and powder-flasks, the boxing-gloves and foils hung up or littering about the whole house. Then, too, there were cigars and pipes, cards and dice in drawers and boxes, and the first faint, impalpable shadow of doubt crept over me."

"Oliver will forego these things now that he is married," said I to myself, "and I will make that delightful old library quite a snuggerly. It is the most cozy room in the house." At first he drove me about here and there, and one or two of his father's very old friends called upon me; but his own acquaintances were mostly men in New-market coats like his own, who talked slang, smoked incessantly, stared hard at me, or made free than I liked, and who walked in and out of the house, ordered the servants, drank beer and brandy, went and stayed with a freedom very foreign to my notions, and altogether upset my theories of the privacy of domestic life.

"There was one, a Capt. Thornton, I especially disliked, and I told Oliver so. 'He will ruin you if you continue to associate with him,' I said."

"Oliver laughed, patted my cheek, and replied, knowingly, 'My dear, he might if I were not too deep for him. I mean to make a fortune out of the Captain before long.'"

"I had heard from my father that Oliver's property was not large, and, little as I knew of such matters, I could tell my £1,000 would not go far to support such a mode of life. But he only laughed when I said captains and country squires were not associates for him. 'Never you mind, Mary; I know what I'm about.' And then he grew angry when I spoke on the subject, so I desisted."

"Frequently he was away for a week or two together, and then the whole tribe went with him—not that at other times we always had the house full; but it was seldom quite empty. We rarely had a quiet evening to ourselves. He was away when my baby was born, and I was partly glad of it for the house was quiet."

"Oliver had insisted upon a christening feast, and gave his orders as if Potosi had been at his command."

"Hang the cost! What do I care!" was his reply to my wish to keep expenditure within bounds.

"Of course there were friends of his own invited, and of course there was heavy drinking; and whilst father, Leah, Mrs. Matthews, and I sat together in the drawing-room, listening to the March winds blustering without, a noise of voices in loud contention came from the dining-room across the hall."

"'Liar!' 'Cheat!' 'Sharper!' 'Vagabond!' were among the epithets which smote our ears. Then there was a scuffle. We met the servants in the hall also, hurrying to ascertain what was the matter, and as we opened the dining-room door we saw Capt. Thornton with his hands on Oliver's throat. I shrieked. Sam, our man-servant, darted in, and helped to separate them—drawing his master away toward the door."

"The faces of both men worked with passion; Oliver shook himself free, snatched a decanter from the dining-table, and hurled it across at his antagonist with full force. Instinctively the captain put up his arm to guard his face. The decanter smashed upon his hand, gashed it frightfully."

"I believe there was a cry for a doctor, but not for me, though I had fainted from the hemorrhage. His wrist was bound tightly before a surgeon came to extract the glass and sew up the wound; but for all that he was for a long time in danger of lockjaw. When he did recover the muscles of his right hand were so contracted that he could no longer shuffle cards, ride at hunt or steeple-chase, handle a billiard cue, or fire a gun; and he vowed vengeance against the man who had made life a burden to him."

"Oliver laughed, as was his wont; but evil seemed to haunt us from that hour—not as a consequence of that one act, but of much foregone, of which I knew nothing."

"My father beckoned me into the library before he and Leah returned home, and he said to me, 'I have known thy Oliver was such a wastrel I'd have chopped my hand off afore I'd ha' given thee to him. I'm afraid thou'll rue afore long. Such riot and extravagance as I saw last night cannot last. And when his own brass is melted he'll want thy £1,000.'"

"Never shall I forget his look of consternation as I told him I had given the money over to Oliver before we left home on our wedding-day."

"Then, ten to one, it's thy money he's squandering!" he cried, in as much of a temper as I ever saw him; but he softened at my tears, and added, 'It's my fault, Mary; I ought to have tied it down on thee. Never mind, lass, if the worst comes to the worst, there's a home for thee and thy little Launcelot whilst I've a roof to cover me.'"

"The end did not come quite so soon as father predicted, but it came quite soon enough. Bills came pouring in as soon as the rupture between Oliver and Capt. Thornton got wind, and I had to soften my husband's 'Haag it, let them wait,' as best I could, to importunate duns—I who had never known what debtor and creditor meant beyond a 'bill of parcels' at school. Then credit was stopped, and Oliver swore over every sovereign he gave to me. Sometimes, after a brief absence, he came back with rolls of notes, but he would disappear again, and they would disappear too. And as his embarrassments increased he drank still more heavily and his temper grew so irritable that no one knew how to deal with him."

"In our little Launcelot, whose winning ways beguiled many a dreary hour, and in the books in our cozy library, I tried to smother the sense of impending misfortune."

"One servant had already gone. The old housekeeper I myself dismissed, knowing my inability to pay her. And now I felt the value of Leah's sharp training, for I had to do the work of the house, cook, and nurse my baby into the bargain; and woe betide me if broil or roast or ragout were not to my husband's liking."

"He rode off one morning with a valise strapped before him, kissing Launcelot and me before he went, and I did not see him again for years. Before the day was out sheriff's officers were in the house, and but for kind Mrs. Matthews, who interceded for me, neither baby nor myself would have had so much as a change of raiment left."

"She took me home with her, a poor, dazed, stunned creature, who had not reached her twenty-second birthday. Consoling Launcelot (who wept because his mother wept, as children will) with lump-sugar and jam, she hushed him to rest, and then dispatched a hurried missive to my father."

"A couple of days elapsed, during which my heart sank to its lowest ebb. Then he came. He had been himself away at an auction and could not leave."

"He did not upbraid me. He said he had 'foreseen what was coming,' and I know not whether he or I thanked Mrs. Matthews most heartily for her kindness."

"Back to my childhood's home I went with a very heavy heart, and not all my dear father's heartiness could prevent me from feeling myself and child intruders."

"Soon after he sent me down to Moscow to my brother-in-law to learn confectionery, then stocked a shop and furnished a house for me in one of the old Rows of Chester, to the great indignation of the others."

"It's best you try to get a living for Launce and yourself, my girl," said my good father; and though I'd rather have you near me, it's wisest to remove you beyond the reach of envious eyes,

and where that wastrel husband of yours will not think of looking for you."

"At first I was very awkward in my new position. City and people were alike strange; but that perhaps helped to set me at ease behind my counter."

"Bright, hazel-eyed, five-year-old Launcelot was the star of my night. He was more like his grandfather Beech than his own father, of whom he had no remembrance; a black paper profile found at my father's being my only likeness of absent Oliver."

"Often and often as I stood behind my counter I wondered if ever chance would bring him in there among the stream of customers; and yet I think I generally looked upon him as dead; no word or sign having reached me of his existence."

"It was May—sunny, scented May—and Chester rose-week. Matty and I were busy as bees from morning until night. Launce went to school. The second race day, a party of ladies and gentlemen came into the shop, talking and laughing as they came. One of them was Oliver Marbury!"

"I screamed and fainted. When I came to myself he was gone. After midnight he came again and abused me for 'making a scene and compromising him with his friends.' But finding me in comfortable circumstances he took up his abode with me, professed to have exhausted his means in trying to discover us, and was lavish of carresses both to Launcelot and myself."

"I had never ceased to love him, and I hailed the prodigal's return. Yet, as of old, he came and went, and ere long began to drain my resources. He took from my pocket and from my till the money with which I should have preserved my credit, and gambled it away. The climax came when my little Mary was about four months old."

"My stock got low; I had no money to give him. Half drunk, he brought a broker on to the premises, sold to him stock, fixtures, and furniture, regardless of my tears and entreaties; and, while the goods were being hurried away, he took proceeds in his pocket, and, curbing in hand, turned on his heel, coarsely telling me old David Beech would make a home for me and the squallers. The children were both crying. At this Launcelot raised his little fist and struck at his unnatural father."

"Like a savage he turned upon the child, to strike at him. On the impulse of the moment I interposed, and the blow meant for Launcelot came down on myself and the baby in my arms. I dropped, and little Mary never cried again."

"They tell me I was frantic for months. At all events, I was spared the pain of giving evidence against my own husband. Matty and the broker's men snuffed."

"We had fallen against a piece of furniture in the way, and there was a suggestion that the babe had been killed in the fall. The charge of murder had been abandoned, but Oliver was found guilty of manslaughter, and condemned to seven years' transportation."

"Mrs. Matthews' good soul took charge of Launce during my absence, and with Matty's help Leah nursed me at my father's, grumbling 'all the while at the trouble, the cost, and the disgrace.'"

"I tried to shut my eyes on the future—to hope we might remain undisturbed, and to train my boy to better things. Meanwhile my father died. He had secured a shop for me, and left me a small annuity, to be paid quarterly."

"Eight years passed away. Launcelot, my pride and joy, was fifteen—a frank, good-natured, and high-spirited youth, whose mother was all in all to him."

"Suddenly the avalanche came down upon us. A fierce, dark, scowling reprobate came in at our door, and claimed as my husband a right to share my means. My heart sank. This was not the man I had sworn to love and obey."

"I was powerless to resist, and he stayed. Goaded by the thought that while he had been in captivity we had prospered, he tortured me in every way he could devise, and Launcelot became my companion. Then he made the boy his butt to wound me surest."

"At last Launcelot, seeing only shame and disgrace before him, conceiving that he was only a cause of outrage on me, as many a good son has done before, ran off to sea, and I was left to cope with Oliver Marbury alone."

"One thing—shall I ever forget it!—a man clambered over the outhousing in at my chamber window. It was he, haggard, footsore, bloody. He had wounded a man and sought concealment. He threatened to kill me if I spoke a word. What money I had he took, ate greedily some bread and cheese, changed his clothes, and then fled as he came."

"Men were on the watch and he was taken. His blood-stained clothes were found in my room, where I sat white with terror."

"I was told that, in an affray with poachers on his preserves, Capt. Thornton and a keep had been killed, and I was questioned until my very brain began to reel."

"I thought I should be called upon to give evidence against him. I had loved him once. He was the father of my children. To avoid such a contingency I fled, whither I neither knew nor cared."

"I had no money—never thought of it. I went along lanes, through fields, avoiding the high roads, excitement keeping me up, though I had no food. The first night I took shelter in a barn, stealing off like a culprit at daybreak. I must have looked hungry, for a lad swinging on a gate, with a great hunch of bread in his hand, broke it in two and offered half to me."

"That night I dropped on a stone by

the wayside and fell asleep. I was roused by some one calling to me. A gentleman in a gig offered me a seat if I was going his way. The moon was full on his face and in my surprise I ejaculated:

"'Mr. Smithson!'"

"I know not whose surprise was the greatest. My father had dealt with him for years, and he had called on Amos Bradley only the day before. My troubles were not unknown to him. I told him all. He took me home to Redditch, to his wife; and there I remained."

"My husband's sentence now was for life. There was no fear of his breaking in upon me, they said; but, ah! thought and memory did that."

"Mr. Smithson would have had me change my name, but I dared not destroy the only clue by which Launce might seek his mother. From time to time I heard of him through Mrs. Matthews. Once I went to meet him in Liverpool—only once. I expected him home from California last Christmas."

"When I went home from this shop, Mrs. Chappell, last November, I bought a newspaper to read over my tea. I read that the Rosterician had foundered off Cape Verde, and all hands gone down with her. It was my son's ship!"

"Mrs. Chappell, my last hope went down in the Rosterician. It matters nothing now who knows my story, or who does not. It is all as one to

—Cassell's Magazine.

To Get Rid of Household Pests.

Charles Thompson writes to the *Scientific American* that he has not seen a bed-bug or flea in his house for many years, and adds: "If an army of them were brought in mercury would speedily exterminate them; but I think cleanliness is the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house-fly I do not molest, believing it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animalcules which always arise from the putrefaction of decaying substances during the warm weather. So also with the birds, which are quite numerous here, during the summer. Instead of shooting them or setting up scarecrows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larval state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future crop of worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early enough to take the worms or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility."

The bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere, and leave my garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants from lice in a very short time. If mosquitoes or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of oil of penny-royal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potato thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their run-ways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the butterfly and store-room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into a hole which cannot be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies."

A Woman Sentenced to Penal Servitude.

The Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian*, of a recent date, says: "A poisoning case, which has occupied the Perigueux court a fortnight, and been the subject of conversation in the French provinces for upward of a year, has terminated in the acquittal of two out of three of the prisoners. The charge was that Garrigues, a respectable small farmer, after ruining himself by making a gentleman of his son, who took a medical degree in Paris, was poisoned by arsenic by the son, who had interest in stopping an alimentary pension of 600 francs a year for the support of his father. It was alleged that this son conspired with his mother and a servant named Ester, her reputed paramour. Dr. Garrigues was fourteen months in prison, and repeatedly questioned with that entangling ingenuity familiar to French prosecutors; and the theory of public rumor was entirely adopted by the Judge-advocate and the President, that, because he was a doctor, he must have furnished his mother with the arsenic that poisoned his father. The verdict acquits the doctor and the servant, and finds the wife guilty of poisoning, not with arsenic, but with vitriol. Extenuating circumstances—meaning the repugnance of the jury to guillotine a woman—being found, she was sentenced to penal servitude for life."

Mr. ELLIS, of Anador city, Cal., while riding from that town to Sutter creek, was waylaid by three masked men, who ordered him to halt, but his horse, a high-spirited animal, took fright at the appearance of the men and ran away in spite of Mr. Ellis' attempts to stop him, though he pulled hard in the fear that he might be fired on. He now blames his horse's obstinacy, for it saved \$300 which he had in his pockets."

Asiatic Cholera.

At a late meeting of the London Meteorological Society, Col. J. Puckle read a paper on "Meteorology in India in Relation to Cholera," in which attention was called to certain facts noted in connection with several severe outbreaks of cholera in the Mysore country during the last fifteen years. On all these occasions there have prevailed similar abnormal meteorological conditions. Failure of the usual rainfall in the wet season, and the unusually high and moist temperature, have, so far as has been observed, been concurrent with the attacks in Mysore and Southern India. The recent outbreaks of the disease in Bangalore and Madras have accorded with the general rule, and been coincident with protracted drought and abnormal heat. But, notwithstanding the study that has been expended upon the subject, the clew to the mysterious origin of the disease is not yet discovered. An active agent in generating the malady is the fifth that is allowed to fester above ground. Except in a few of the largest cities in India, there nowhere exists a proper system of sewerage, while the drainage is incomplete even in those towns where some provision has been made for sanitary regulations. The sewage which accumulates in the streets and in all waste places not only poisons the atmosphere, but is liable to find its way during rainfalls into the open cisterns and wells which supply the people with water. The obscurity which surrounds the origin of the Asiatic cholera also baffles inquiry into its treatment. Remedies that at one time appear effectual, at another signally fail. Even during the same attack, the remedy that has cured one case will be valueless in its application to another, although other circumstances in the two instances appear to be identical. Col. Puckle gave, in the course of his paper, a history of several attacks of cholera that came under his personal knowledge, which were arrested by change of air and surroundings. He also recounted instances where ordinary sanitary practice had prevented a possible outbreak."

Granger Centennial Hotel.

A Philadelphia letter-writer says: "The Patrons of Husbandry, who in the Agricultural and Horticultural departments will have a good deal to do with the Exhibition, and who are likely to contribute a large number of visitors from many of the States, started some time ago an enterprise which, if it is honestly carried out, may recommend itself to others besides members of the order, who may not be able to endure the pecuniary 'squeeze' at Philadelphia hotels and boarding-houses. The original projector of this enterprise, Mr. R. H. Thomas, perfected the plan of what is called 'The Patrons' Centennial Encampment,' intended to afford cheap board to all. Officers of an association were elected, who have got the lease of a large mansion house and forty acres of land near Elm station, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, six miles from the business part of Philadelphia, and three miles from the Centennial grounds. The association is a joint stock one, whose capital of \$150,000 is solicited from subscribers at \$50 a share. According to the last announcements of the association the Board of Managers have made contracts for the erection of buildings on their grounds (principally one-story), in which they propose to rent well, but not expensively furnished rooms, for \$1 a day each to one or two persons. Meals will be provided at fifty cents each, but parties may bring their own provisions and still occupy rooms. Pure water, thorough police surveillance, plenty of light on the grounds, corridors, dining-rooms and offices at night, a large hall for lectures and religious services, a laundry, barber-shops, cigar stands, ice-cream saloons and other stores and shops (excepting bar-rooms for the sale of liquors)—these conveniences are promised. The encampment, between which and the Centennial grounds and the city hourly trains will run, at fifteen cents to go and return."

George Washington.

George Washington was a conspicuous and beautiful instance of a man who minded his own business. Suppose that an intelligent person living in one of the European centers of civilization had been asked, about the year 1770, what man then over thirty-seven years of age was most likely to be the typical great-and-good man of the modern world! Would he have singled out the Virginia militia officer, at time busying himself with the care of his plantation on the Potomac, and whatever social duties and delights, or whatever polite politics were convenient and appropriate? The strong point about Washington was, that his duty or the pleasure, the ceremony or the self-sacrifice that lay in his way, he enjoyed or performed without shirking, and to the very best of his ability. He did not, as a youth, lie awake o' nights wondering 'what he would be when he grew up to be a man.' When he became a man he showed neither imagination nor genius, but he had one of the traits of genius, namely, concentration. He put his mind upon his present occupation, without looking back or looking ahead. He engineered, taught the Indians, rode horseback, wrote letters, went fox-hunting, tended church, proposed to young women, conducted campaigns, and governed the United States—each at the proper time, and each with sincerity of purpose and assiduity. We do not hear of his swearing often; but when he did it was thoroughly and effectively done. If he seems not to have been as successful in the matter of matrimonial proposals as in other occupations, we must remember that the centennially re-

vived old wives' tales of early and indirect refusals of Washington by the said old wives themselves, must be taken with a few grains of deferential allowance.—*Scribner for April.*

Pith and Point.

A CRYSTAL GHOST—A glass shade. FAST HORSES—Those that are safely secured.

THE mother's heart is the child's school-room. How to raise bees—take hold of the tops, and pull.

THAT was a rum fellow who got mad because Santa Cruz didn't bring him a present.

THE most effective way for a boy to learn a bee sees—By putting his finger into the hive.

A POLITICAL problem. Can a cross-eyed foreigner be natural-eyed? Inquire at any court of record.

"I ALWAYS thought I should never rear that child," said an old lady, of ninety, on hearing of the death of her son, aged seventy.

A NEW "lady clerk" in a dry goods store, who objected to nicknames, began by addressing one of the little cash boys as "Causus."

WHEN the spider left the ark did he walk or take a fly?—*Exchange.*—We can't say. There antennae data as we know of bearing on that question.

"WHAT is conscience?" asked a school-master. "An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow. "And what is a monitor?" "One of the iron clads."

THE *Alta California* says that it is as useless to try to keep the American adventurers out of the Black Hills as to try to keep a woman out of a dry goods store.

"MAMMA, don't you want some nice candy?" said a shrewd little girl. "Yes, dear, I should like some. 'Then if you'll buy some I'll give you half!' lisped the politic girl."

WHEN an Albany girl threw snuff into her lover's face because he was cool in his wooing, the indignant youth remarked: "Miss Julia, I've had 'snuff of this, and you will never see me again.'"

THEIR was a crooked man
In a crooked Western town,
Who had a crooked notion
In his a crooked crown.
He bought a crooked still,
And crooked whiskey made,
And all got rich together
In the crooked little trade.
—*Washington Chronicle.*

"DO you 'spose little girls have to eat oatmeal in heaven, mamma?" asked a sunny-haired little lady of six, as she was worrying down her morning saucerful, her eye resting longingly on a steaming pile of buckwheats the while.

"NOW, WILLIE, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take, I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do." "And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't!"

How HE sang it:
Spring, spring, beautiful spring,
Happiest season of the year,
Haste thee, myd, ad, wid thee brig
April, wid its windies and tear,
Cachoo-o-o! Cachoo-o-o! Cachoo-o-o!

A CRUZY bachelor's objection to ladies with beautiful teeth is, that nine out of ten of them would laugh at a funeral.

TWO VILLAGE worthies met on the street one day. "Jamie," says the richer of the two, "are ye never gann to pay me that account? I'm ill aff for siller the noo." "Oh," says Jamie, "I havena seen ye this lang time. Could ye cheenge a twenty-pound note?" "Ay could I," says the laird, drawing out his pocket-book. "Ah, weel," says Jamie, "ye're no needin' siller, then," and walked on.

An old curmudgeon was sunning himself on the postoffice steps yesterday forenoon when a lady came along, having a letter in her hand. She looked up and down the building, hesitated, and asked the man: "Where do you mail your letters here?" "I always mail mine inside the building," he calmly replied, "but you can do as you please about it—there's no law to compel you to!" The look she gave him would have knocked a street car off the track.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What Came From Whipping a Boy in Texas.

A terrible shooting affray recently occurred in Bastrop county, Texas, resulting in the killing of a Capt. Gazley and son by Aaron Burleson. The day before the killing the Gazleys had stopped Burleson from whipping a young man named Hill. The next morning the Gazleys met Burleson in a crowd, high words ensued, young Gazley fired on Burleson, who then drew his pistol and shot Gazley dead. The father coming to the assistance of his son was also shot dead by Burleson, the shot killing him instantly. The whole thing occurred and the two Gazleys were killed inside of thirty seconds. Burleson gave himself up, public sentiment in that community justifying the killing as an act of self-defense.—*Courier Journal.*

Circus Salaries.

James Robinson, who is generally believed to be the most dashing and finished bare-back rider now in the ring, has six finely trained horses, and Charles Fish, who ranks next to him in this line, has four or five. The Melville brothers, three of them, have six horses for their several acts. James Robinson gets \$200 per week for himself alone, and last season \$450 for himself and two boys. Charles Fish gets about \$150; the Melville brothers, \$350; Dockrell and wife, \$300. These are, of course, the largest salaries for equestrians, who are the best paid persons about a circus below the grade of proprietor.